

The Souldiers pole is false: young Boyes and Gyrls
Are leuill now with men: The oddes is gone,
And there is nothing left remarkable
Beneath the visiting Moone.

Char. Oh quietnesse, Lady.

Iras. She's dead too, our Soueraigne.

Char. Lady.

Iras. Madam.

Char. Oh Madam, Madam, Madam.

Iras. Royall Egypt: Empreffe.

Char. Peace, peace, *Iras.*

Cleo. No more but in a Woman, and commanded
By such poore passion, as the Maid that Milkes,
And doe's the meanest chares. It were for me,
To throw my Scepter at the iniurious Gods,
To tell them that this World did equall theyrs,
Till they had stolne our Iewell. All's but naught:
Patience is fortiff, and impatience does
Become a Dogge that's mad: Then is it sinne,
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to vs. How do you Women?
What, what good cheere? Why how now *Charmian*?
My Noble Gyrls? Ah Women, women! Looke
Our Lampe is spent, it's out. Good firs, take heare,
Wee'l bury him: And then, what's braue, what's Noble,
Let's doo't after the high Roman fashion,
And make death proud to take vs. Come, away,
This case of that huge Spirit now is cold,
Ah Women, Women! Come, we haue no Friend
But Resolution, and the breeffest end.

Exeunt, bearing of Antonies body.

*Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Menas, with
his Counsell of Warre.*

Caesar. Go to him *Dolabella*, bid him yeeld,
Being so frustrate, tell him,
He mockes the pawles that he makes.

Dol. *Caesar*, I shall.

Enter Decretas with the sword of Anthony.

Ces. Wherefore is that? And what art thou that dar'st
Appeare thus to vs?

Dec. I am call'd *Decretas*,
Marke *Anthony* I seru'd, who best was worthie
Best to be seru'd: whil'ft he stood vp, and spoke
He was my Master, and I wore my life
To spend vpon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him,
He be to *Caesar*: if y' please not, I yeild thee vp my life.

Caesar. What is't thou say'st?

Dec. I say (Oh *Caesar*) *Anthony* is dead.

Caesar. The breaking of so great a thing, should make
A greater cracke. The round World
Should haue shooke Lyons into ciuill streets,
And Citizens to their dennes. The death of *Anthony*
Is not a single doome, in the name lay
A moiety of the world.

Dec. He is dead *Caesar*,
Nor by a publicke minister of Iustice,
Nor by a hyred Knife, but that selfe-hand
Which writ his Honor in the Acts it did,
Hath with the Courage which the heart did lend it,
Splitted the heart. This is his Sword,
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it stain'd
With his most Noble blood.

Ces. Looke you sad Friends,

The Gods rebuke me, but it is Tydings
To wash the eyes of Kings.

Dol. And strange it is,
That Nature must compell vs to lament
Our most perfisted deeds.

Mec. His taints and Honours, wag'd equal with him.

Dola. A Rarer spirit neuer
Did seeere humanity: but you Gods will giue vs
Some faults to make vs men. *Caesar* is touch'd.

Mec. When such a spacious Mirror's set before him,
He needes must see him selfe.

Caesar. Oh *Anthony*,
I haue followed thee to this, but we do launch
Diseases in our Bodies. I must perforce
Haue shewne to thee such a declining day,
Or looke on thine: we could not stall together,
In the whole world. But yet let me lament
With teares as Soueraigne as the blood of hearts,
That thou my Brother, my Competitor,
In top of all designe; my Mate in Empire,
Friend and Companion in the front of Warre,
The Arme of mine owne Body, and the Heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle; that our Starres
Vnreconcilable, should diuide our equalnesse to this.
Heare me good Friends,
But I will tell you at some meeter Season,
The businesse of this man looks out of him,
Wee'l heare him what he sayes.

Enter an Egyptian.

Whence are you?

Egypt. A poore Egyptian yet, the Queen my mistress
Confin'd in all, she has her Monument
Of thy intents, desires, instruction,
That she preparedly may frame her selfe
To'th way shee's forc'd too.

Caesar. Bid her haue good heart,
She soone shall know of vs, by some of ours,
How honourable, and how kindly Wee
Determine for her. For *Caesar* cannot leaue to be vngentle

Egypt. So the Gods preserve thee. *Exit.*

Ces. Come hither *Proculeius*. Go and say
We purpose her no shame: giue her what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require;
Least in her greatnesse, by some mortall stroke
She do defeat vs. For her life in Rome,
Would be eternall in our Triumph: Go,
And with your speediest bring vs what she sayes,
And how you finde of her.

Pro. *Caesar* I shall. *Exit Proculeius.*

Ces. *Gallus*, go you along: where's *Dolabella*, to se-
cond *Proculeius*?

All. *Dolabella*.

Ces. Let him alone: for I remember now
How hee's employd: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my Tent, where you shall see
How hardly I was drawne into this Warre,
How calme and gentle I proceeded still
In all my Writings. Go with me, and see
What I can shew in this. *Exeunt.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras, and Mardian.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be *Caesar*:
Not being Fortune, hee's but Fortunes knaue,
A minister of her will: and it is great

To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts vp changes;
Which sleepe, and neuer pallates more the dung,
The beggers Nurse, and *Caesar*.

Enter Proculeius.

Pro. *Caesar* sends greeting to the Queene of Egypt,
And bids thee study on what faire demands
Thou mean'st to haue him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Pro. My name is *Proculeius*.

Cleo. *Anthony*

Did tell me of you, bad me trust you, but
I do not greatly care to be deceiu'd
That haue no vie for trusting. If your Master
Would haue a Queene his begger, you must tell him,
That Maieesty to keepe decorum, must
Not lesse begg then a Kingdome: If he please
To giue me conquer'd Egypt for my Sonne,
He giues me so much of mine owne, as I
Will kneele to him with thanks.

Pro. Be of good cheere:

'Tis false into a Princely hand, feare nothing,
Make your full reference freely to my Lord,
Who is so full of Grace, that it flowes ouer
On all that neede. Let me report to him
Your sweet dependencie, and you shall finde
A Conqueror that will pray in ayde for kindnesse,
Where he for grace is kneel'd too.

Cleo. Pray you tell him,

I am his Fortunes Vassall, and I send him
The Greatnesse he has got. I hourly learne
A Doctrine of Obedience, and would gladly
Looke him in'th'Face.

Pro. This Ile report (deere Lady)
Haue comfort, for I know your plight is pittied
Of him that caus'd it.

Pro. You see how easily she may be surpriz'd:
Guard her till *Caesar* come.

Iras. Royall Queene.

Char. Oh *Cleopatra*, thou art taken Queene.

Cleo. Quicke, quicke, good hands,

Pro. Hold worthy Lady, hold:

Do not your selfe such wrong, who are in this
Releu'd, but not betraid.

Cleo. What of death too that rids our dogs of languish
Pro. *Cleopatra*, do not abuse my Masters bounty, by
Th'vndoing of your selfe: Let the World see
His Noblenesse well asted, which your death
Will neuer let come forth.

Cleo. Where art thou Death?

Come hither come; Come, come, and take a Queene
Worth many Babes and Beggars.

Pro. Oh temperance Lady.

Cleo. Sir, I will eate no meate, Ile not drinke fir,
If idle talke will once be necessary
Ile not sleepe neither. This mortall house Ile ruine,
Do *Caesar* what he can. Know fir, that I
Will not waite pinnion'd at your Masters Court,
Nor once be chastic'd with the sober eye
Of dull *Octavia*. Shall they boy'st me vp,
And shew me to the shewing Varlotarie
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt.
Be gentle graue vnto me, rather on Nylus mudde
Lay me starke-nak'd, and let the water-flies
Blow me into abhorring; rather make
My Countries high pyramides my Gibbet,